

The Evening World.

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WANTED—FOOD PATRIOTS.

NOT all the plots against America are hatched by German spies. A little group of wilful men in Congress are not the only ones endangering the nation's safety.

There are thousands of eminently respectable citizens of the United States loudly cheering the flag and proclaiming their own patriotism who are in reality enemies to the Republic.

He who robs the people in their daily food supply;
He who practices extortion under the cloak of business;
He who places profit above public necessity;
He who is not willing to make a sacrifice for the benefit of neighbors;

That man, in this time of crisis and necessity, is a traitor to the people.

What was an economic question has now become a moral issue. Experts have devised endless explanations, committees have investigated, courts have indicted and Legislatures have passed laws, but all to no practical purpose.

In a land of peace and plenty food prices continue to rise higher each day—higher even than in countries at war.

We like to define patriotism as national unity against foreign enemies, forgetting our own greater disloyalty at home.

Waving the American flag and shouting for universal service does not grant license to prey upon our neighbors.

Now is the time for every real American engaged in supplying the necessities of the nation to show his colors.

Who is the first man ready to sacrifice extortionate private profit for public welfare and to treat his fellows fairly and squarely?

Food patriots as well as flag patriots are wanted in every city in the country.

Put the Star Spangled Banner on your cash register.

WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET.

OUT of the East there came recently to America Sir Rabindranath Tagore, poet, seer and prophet, steeped in mystic lore and knighted with modern honors. Homeward bound to India he set foot first on familiar Old World soil in Japan, and there sought to summarize his impressions of this wonderful New World.

He found the United States on the road to imperialism, not in a spirit of conquest, but aiming toward that Utopia of world peace. Curiously, too, he saw a nation, always accused of thinking only in terms of materialism, not made more materialistic by its great wartime prosperity, but undergoing processes of a new thought which looks to greater and higher things.

"And," added the poet, "America is destined to be the meeting place of the East and the West."

Gone is the glory of Galata Bridge, where Moslem and Christian have crossed side by side for centuries. Fading is the fame of Suez, where all the world was wont to pass by. But, behold America—New York—where East and West, the Orient and the Occident, shall meet on Broadway, the new highway of the world.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

OPEN THE DOOR, MR. MAYOR.

TO THE sincere city officials of the Board of Estimate and the Public Service Commission who are meeting in secret conference to review the New York Central west side improvement plans, The Evening World commends the policy of the Open Door.

Conferees are prone to complain that it is difficult to conduct business negotiations in public. But publicity never produced one ten-thousandth part of the evils that breed in the dark.

Too much secrecy in preliminary stages provoked a considerable part of the opposition so excitedly expressed at recent hearings. Too much secrecy in present processes of revision will serve more to stimulate suspicion than to promote understanding.

There is an excellent bit of Biblical advice, whose application is too often confined to the collection plate, that may well be remembered in this public affair: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." Otherwise, unbelievers may make reference, quite unfairly, to another Scriptural text that reads: "And men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil."

Letters From the People

More About Profits.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In regard to the discussion as to whether profits should be based on the cost or on the selling price, kindly allow me a word.

For a few years it has been persistently claimed by some that a merchant who calculates his profits on the basis of costs is headed straight for bankruptcy. If the expense of selling always bears a fixed ratio to the selling price, this claim might be worthy of consideration.

Suppose one's yearly sales are \$125,000. Cost of goods \$100,000. Gross profit \$25,000. This is 20 per cent. of the cost or 20 per cent. of the sales. The expense of selling is \$25,000, or 20 per cent. of the sales, so the merchant comes out even. He is told that if he would succeed he must raise his price so that the percentage of gross profit shall exceed the percentage of expense, both calculated on the sales.

He then raises the price so that a \$125 article sells for \$150. This might now give him a yearly profit of \$25,000. Result? His trade falls off one-half. He sells goods costing \$25,000 for \$17,500. Cost of selling \$25,000, which is 22 per cent. of the selling price. Result? No profit.

The next year he defers the theme, raises and reduces his selling price to \$120. Result? Sales \$24,000. Cost of

goods \$20,000. Expenses \$2,500. Net profit \$1,500. Expense 10 4-10 per cent. of sales.

A successful merchant must certainly be a good bookkeeper, but no percentage figuring fad can replace the mercantile gift of knowing how to entice customers to one's store.

D. M.
Pronounced, Mr. Mayor, Livingston and Fourth Streets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
C says that the way E pronounces the word "vicinity" is not right. E says that you say it this way—Vicinity. Now C claims that is wrong. Let me know who is right. E or C. Do you know where there is a High School that teaches shorthand free of charge at night in any vicinity?

TWO BROTHERS.
You Are a Native American.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly advise me if I, having been born in this country of English parents and having lived here for almost twenty years, am obliged to secure citizenship papers, or am I automatically a citizen by birth? My father, although living in this country for over twenty years, is not a citizen.

F. L. R.
Yes, Japan is a British Ally.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Let me know if there is any war between Japan and Germany. A. H.

All Aboard!

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By J. H. Cassel



Fables of Everyday Folk—By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Social Gaffer.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had little and affected much. That is to say, she endeavored to impress everybody that she was

healthy, wealthy and wise. She had a very fetching way with her. That is, it "fetched" her considerably. Her name was Miss Gaffer.

Whenever she wanted to go downtown to do any shopping she would telephone

to a lady friend, saying, "Dearie, it is such a lovely day, and Jones, Smith & Co. have a great sale on. Do come along. We will hire a taxi and have lunch downtown; come on!"

The friend would "fall for it," and when it would come to paying for the taxi an argument would begin as to who would pay for it; but of course the other woman always did. It was the same with the luncheon. Miss Gaffer just didn't have quite the change, and the other woman settled the bill.

Of course she did not try the same game again with the same friend. She was very careful about that. Also she was forever looking ahead. When she was with a "good thing" she would cast little hints for future welfare. And thus she grafted invitations for dinners, suppers, theaters, etc. Sometimes a whole week went by and she never had a meal at home.

Also it happened occasionally that when her acquaintances were away for trips she would suggest: "Oh, how I would love to go along! Can't you squeeze me in somehow?" Of course I will pay all my own expenses and won't be a bit of trouble." And she usually went.

It happened, however, as she knew it would, that her friends did nearly all the paying, and her expense figured up very little indeed.

On one of these occasions, after considerable effort, she managed to get a trip to a winter resort where there were many millionaires. She hadn't much money, but she usual ex-

pected to "get by" on her nerve. She made a nice appearance and a good "bluff."

She spent most of her money on clothes in anticipation of a big catch. For she had the marriage "bee in her bonnet."

Again her fellow travelers did most of the paying. She "put on airs" and dressed "fit to kill." She made her small income appear very large indeed. It was a successful pose.

Everybody thought she was a wealthy woman, and as there were many men looking for such she had a number of admirers. Thus it came to pass that one of the most popular of these paid her court. She had heard it whispered that he was a great catch and had been at this expensive place all winter.

So she continued her little graft game. He gave sumptuous dinners for her and arranged all kinds of trips and parties. He wore a new suit every day and did everything to shine in her eyes.

He spent money lavishly and Miss Gaffer was delighted. Here was her long looked for opportunity—the man of wealth who could advance her social aspirations. She encouraged

his attentions with considerable tact. One moonlight night the inevitable happened.

He asked her the momentous question and she chuckled inwardly. He was hers. She did not wait long to announce it. She did not want to take a chance on losing him. In fact, she agreed to marry him and begin the honeymoon right then and there. So the next day everybody knew it and before long the knot was tied.

Then came the wedding. The man she married, whom she thought was "a retired business man," was one of those who lived from "hand to mouth." He too was looking for a "bonanza" and believed he had found it in her. In fact, he had borrowed the money to come to the winter resort, hoping his attractiveness to women would bring him an heiress and would "live happy ever after."

Thus they found themselves in the same boat, and both had to go to work in order to keep the marriage craft afloat. They found great difficulties in keeping up appearances and grew to hate each other in the struggle.

Each learned this moral: Many a gaffer gets caught at his own game.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.—Montaigne.

Bachelor Girl Reflections
By Helen Rowland

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N matters of the heart, mere men are still in a state of barbarism, slightly tempered by woman.

A bachelor's heart is like a violin with the strings broken—it is useless to try to "play" on it.

The bigger and weightier a man the more helpless he is without some little tugboat of a woman to tie him to her and tow him safely into harbor.

Telling lies is a fault in a boy, an art in a lover, an accomplishment in a bachelor, and second-nature in a married man.

Money is a chiffon veil, through which a girl's pug nose becomes "refractive," red hair is turned to "Titian," and embonpoint becomes merely "plumpness."

In a quarrel it is an awful disappointment to a woman if a man doesn't say something to make her cry.

If your husband is wrapped up in his work from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. you needn't bother to investigate his morals. Satan wouldn't waste his talents trying to tempt a man with so little time and energy for the devil's business.

Nowadays, a man's attempt to make love to you is not always an impertinence. He may be doing it merely out of pity, out of curiosity, out of politeness, out of habit—or just because he can't think of anything else to do.

There are more ways of killing a man's love than by strangling it to death—but that's the usual one.

The Jarr Family
By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. Jarr was hurrying to take a car downtown to his daily toll he heard the patter of little feet behind him and a childish voice calling his name. He turned to behold Master Johnny Rangle.

"Oh, Mister Jarr!" piped the boy. "My mamma wants you to come in and see her about somethin'. I got to hurry to school."

Mr. Jarr retraced his steps and mounted four flights of stairs to his neighbor's domicile.

"How nice of you to drop in. I had little Johnny on the lookout for you!" remarked Mrs. Rangle as she stood in her doorway wiping her hands on her apron. "I haven't any girl, the children have gone to school, Mr. Jarr. He had to go down to his work extra early this morning and I know you'll do me a favor?"

Mr. Jarr said he'd be only too glad to do any favor she might ask.

"Well, please telephone Mr. Rangle for me to be sure and stop off at one of the stores on his way home and bring me a card of a dozen or two dark pearl buttons of the size suitable for a little girl's dress. Our telephone is out of order."

Then her face flushed and Mr. Jarr understood what was the matter with the Rangle telephones.

The Jarrs' telephone had gotten "out of order" on some way several times. But there are conventions that must be observed in the best regulated families in these matters, so Mr. Jarr made no comment.

On getting onto his car Mr. Jarr assisted a stout lady who was falling in getting off backward.

"Take your hands off me, you wretch!" snarled the stout lady. "If there was a policeman around I'd have you arrested, you cheap masquer!"

But Mr. Jarr wasn't scared. Inside the car and reading his newspaper he noticed a woman standing holding a little girl by the hand. He got out and gave the woman his seat. She sat down without thanking him, and pulled the little girl up in her lap. From this point of vantage the little girl wiped her recently whitened shoes and her muddy soles on Mr. Jarr's trousers. Then she jerked it his watch chain and broke it.

Arriving at the office Mr. Jarr encountered the boss coming in. The boss looked at the clock and scowled. Mr. Jarr was ten minutes late. He dared not telephone to Rangle for some time. When he did so he was informed by an impatient office boy that Mr. Rangle was "in conference" and to call up again. Mr. Jarr did so, although all personal calls were charged 10 cents a call to the office

Fifty Failures
Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 10—PATRICK HENRY: The "Failure" Who Became a Hero.
IN Virginia during the middle years of the eighteenth century a bespectacled, solemn-faced man was pointed out to newcomers in the region as an example of "education thrown away."

The bespectacled man was Patrick Henry, son of a well-to-do Scotch immigrant. Amid a brilliant and rising group of young Virginians he had already been stamped as a hopeless failure.

His father had given him a splendid classical education and had destined him for some such profession as the law or ministry. But Henry had smashed the paternal hopes by refusing to follow any of the courses laid out for him.

At eighteen he proceeded to put a further barrier between himself and success by marrying. Marriage at eighteen seemed an ideal form of career-suicide, even in those old times.

With a family to support, it was needful for Henry to find work of some kind. He tried his hand at farming, an occupation held in high esteem by eighteenth century Southerners. In spite of help from several sources he could not make his farm pay. While his neighbors were earning a goodly living from their tobacco and corn, he could not amass anything but debts.

This was not due to lack of capital, but to a seeming lack of intelligence. He did not appear to have sense enough or industry enough to wring a living from the rich virgin soil. So he decided to go into business. He started a store, with every prospect of success and in a neighborhood where trade was brisk and competition was slight.

He had enough funds behind him. No rigid training in Efficiency Methods was needed to prepare a man at that time to run such a store as Henry's.

His friends began to hope his luck had at last turned and that he was about to redeem his early failures. But they soon found out he was not able to make any more of a success at storekeeping than at farming.

Then people realized his mishaps were not matters of mere ill fortune, but of incapacity. He was one of those men who simply cannot make good. In short, with every aid to give him success, he was a failure. And there seemed no prospect of his becoming anything better.

Therefore, when he announced that he was going to be a lawyer, he met more derisive grins than words of encouragement. He had failed at farming; he had failed at merchandise. He had failed at everything he had tried. There seemed no chance that he would be more than an arrant failure at the law.

It was thought he would presently drop the new line of work and drift into something else; and so on through the whole of a useless, inefficient lifetime.

Yet Henry stuck to his new resolution. He mastered the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and began humble practice as a country attorney. And presently the tide of failure was checked.

Henry developed marvellous powers of eloquence. He found he could sway a jury to his will, even though he could not raise tobacco or sell groceries. His eloquence won case after case for him. It swept him into politics.

The American colonies were on the eve of rebelling against England. And Henry threw himself heart and soul into the struggle. His fiery speeches, his personal influence, his plan for knitting the scattered colonies together by "Committees of Correspondence"—all these speedily made him a man of mark.

The climax came when—before the Virginia Convention in 1775—his glorious "Liberty or Death" oration brought him deathless fame.

The rest of his career is part and parcel of our country's history. The late failure of early life all at once was recognized as the foremost orator of his century and one of America's immortal patriots.

Two Ventures That Failed.
An Immortal Speech.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.—Seneca.

Popular Superstitions

Perhaps the oldest thing in the world is superstition, and although most of us have ceased to believe in omens there are many interesting "signs" that have come down from past ages. This series will present a selection of the most common of these precepts.

MARRIED in gray, you will go far away.

MARRIED in black, you will wish yourself back.

MARRIED in brown, you will live out of town.

MARRIED in red, you will wish yourself dead.

MARRIED in pearl, you will live in a whirl.

MARRIED in green, ashamed to be seen.

MARRIED in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.

MARRIED in blue, he will always be true.

MARRIED in pink, your spirits will sink.

MARRIED in white, you have chosen aright.

MARRY Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all.

A January bride will be a prudent housekeeper and very good tempered. A February bride will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

A March bride will be a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

An April bride will be inconstant but fairly good looking.

A May bride will be handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.

A June bride will be impetuous and generous.

A July bride will be handsome and smart but a trifle quick tempered.

An August bride will be amiable and practical.

A September bride will be discreet, affable and much liked.

An October bride will be pretty, coquettish, loving but jealous.

A November bride will be liberal, kind, but of a wild disposition.

A December bride will be fond of novels, entertaining but extravagant.

The bride should never entirely discard her wedding garments before it is supposed to bring the worst of luck.

The would-be happy bridegroom also must never behind his bride at town. The wedding garments will be laid away in the wedding garments until he meets her at the altar.

The finding of a spider on the wedding gown by the bride is considered a sure sign of happiness to come.

To-Day's Anniversary

FOURTY-FIVE years ago to-day Giuseppe Mazzini breathed his last, and the Italy which he had "moved above all earthly things," and from which he had several times been driven forth under sentence of death, was plunged into mourning.

The father of "Young Italy," imprisoned and persecuted and banished over Europe during the greater part of his life, emerged from the shadow of the hero of Parliament and popular hero of the Italian people.

The son of a Genoese physician, Mazzini first studied anatomy, and then took up law, but found both distasteful and turned to literature, in his young manhood he joined the Carbonari, and with his pen made war on the evils under which Italy groined. His first imprisonment, in period of six months. Then he was sent to the island of Elba. He was launched into the world of Italy—an organization designed to play a great part in liberating Italy from Austrian and domestic tyranny.